

was a veritable gold mine of assets.

The Janesville Gazette

New Bldg. 200-201 E. Milwaukee St.

ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT JANESVILLE WIS., AS SECOND CLASS MAIL MATTER.

BUSINESS OFFICE OPEN SATURDAY EVENING.

Member of Associated Press.
Member Audit Bureau of Circulations.
Member of Wisconsin Daily League.

WEATHER FORECAST.

Partly cloudy with colder east and south portion.
Sunday fair with warmer west portion, fresh north west winds decreasing.

DAILY EDITION

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year	\$6.00
One Month	.50
Three Months	\$1.50
Six Months	\$2.50
By Mail Cash in Advance	
One Year	\$4.00
Three Months	\$1.25
RURAL DELIVERY IN ROCK COUNTY	
One Year	\$3.00

GAZETTE JANUARY CIRCULATION.

Sworn circulation statement of the

Daily Gazette circulation of January 1915.

Copies	Copies
Days	Sunday
1. 7631.13	7534
2. 7631.13	7529
3. 7631.13	7529
4. 7631.13	7529
5. 7631.13	7529
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12. 7631.13	7529
13. 7631.13	7529
14. 7631.13	7529
15. 7631.13	7529
16. 7631.13	7529
Total	189,363

189,363 divided by 25 total number of issues, 7575 Daily Average.

This is a correct report of the circulation of the Janesville Daily Gazette for January, 1915, and represents the actual number of papers printed and circulated.

H. H. BLISS, Mgr.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this first day of February, 1915.

(Seal) O. C. HOMBERGER,

Notary Public.

My commission expires July 26, 1915.

The publication of Obituary Notices, Resolutions, Cards of Thanks, etc., can be made at 15c per counted line of words each. Church and lodge announcements free. Insertion except those announcing an event for which a charge is to be made. These and subsequent insertions of any notice are made at line prices.

The Gazette does not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising or other advertising of an objectionable nature. Every advertisement in its columns is printed with full confidence in the character and reliability of the advertiser and the truth of the representations made. Readers of the Gazette will confer a favor if they will promptly report any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in a Gazette advertisement.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

"There was never a day so misty or gray
That the blue was not somewhere above it;
There is never a mountain top ever so bleak
That some little flower does not love it.

"There was never a night so dreary and dark
That the stars were not somewhere shining;
There is never a cloud so heavy and black
That it has not a silver lining.

"There is never a waiting-time, weary and long
That will not sometime have an ending;
The most beautiful part of the landscape is where
The shadows and sunshine are blending.

"Upon every life some shadow will fall,
But Heaven sends the sunshine of love;
Thro' the rifts in the clouds we may, if we will,
See the beautiful blue above.

"Then let us hope on, tho' the way be long,
And the darkness be gathering fast;
For the turn in the road is a little way on,
Where the home lights will greet us at last."

—Anonymous.

The star of hope is the brightest star which graces the firmament, and the only star that is able to penetrate the gloom when it rolls up from the horizon like a heavy pall, and envelopes the world in darkness. There are times when even this bright star is lost to sight and hope is abandoned. The world just now is furnishing some sad experiences of this kind and much of this history will never be written.

A German regiment not long ago was ordered to charge across an open field in the face of a deadly fire from the trenches. With the command came the order, "Go as far as you can," and then stand and die like men," and the brave fellows responded like heroes, and but few of them returned. A battleship went down in mid-ocean the other day under the fire of the enemies' guns, and when hope was abandoned, eight hundred gallant seamen stood at attention and went down with the ship when she made her fatal plunge. That's heroism of the finest type.

These instances are conspicuous because of their importance and magnitude, yet no more real than tens of thousands of tragedies of daily occurrence in the war zone across the water. The agony of the wives and mothers, who suffer privation as well as sorrow, is the most pathetic story of all history, because of its hopelessness.

Many people all over the world are praying for peace, and yet the petitions seem almost like mockery, because the element of hope is lacking. The thing which gives zest to prayer is the hope of fulfillment, and there is yet no encouraging rift in the war cloud.

The staying qualities of hope are sublime. It clings to the last straw, and goes down to defeat still clinging. The wife and mother says "good bye" to the husband and son when they march away to the front. When she falls to hear from them for a month she tries to comfort herself by saying that no news is good news, and she continues to hope against hope for their return.

Mr. Wheeler of the Chicago Tribune is now in Belgium, trying to round up a thousand orphans for homes in America. The supposition was that these stricken people would be glad to have their children carved for, and so every preparation was made to receive them. The work was considered a great philanthropy, for which the Tribune enjoyed full credit. But what is the result?

Mr. Wheeler writes that after spending a month in this forsaken land, populated by widows and orphans, that he has been unable to find a single child that could be transplanted to American soil.

This is not an account of prejudice, because the most kindly feeling exists towards the people who are now doing so much for them, but it is because of the mother love, sustained by the hope that soon the home land may be redeemed and the little family kept together, though it may be minus a husband and father.

He told of one widow woman with nine children of her own, who was caring for four orphans, and when he offered to relieve her she said: "No, I hope the war will end soon, and then Belgium will need all of her children." That's heroism strongly tinged with patriotism, and speaks volumes for the little nation so nearly trampled out of existence.

This spirit is the prevailing spirit, among the women, throughout the war-cursed zone. A great army of men have gone out never to return, but home must be preserved for the children, and these brave women have assumed the task.

Hope lingers in the heart long after faith has been exhausted. The girl who stands at the altar, and pledges her faith to the young man who is to be her life's companion, is not worried over the fact that he has been a little reckless, and no amount of warning has been able to convince her that she can not reform him.

The months and years go by, and faith becomes a travesty. When her confidence has been betrayed so often that there is nothing more to build on, yet hope does not desert her, and she continues to pray that in some mysterious way the man that she still loves may be redeemed.

These are the heroic women, found in every community, who seldom exploit their troubles, and yet whose grievances are just as real as the sorrow which comes to the women who say "good bye" for the last time to their husbands when they march away to the front. These women are cheered by the thought that there is some glory in sacrifice.

The thought which sustains the mother, when her boy leaves home and starts out in life for himself, is inspired by hope more than by faith. She knows that his moral fibre, as well as his mental ability, are yet to be tested, and realizing the peculiar temptations, and the unusual strain, she can only hope that he will stand the test.

Hope is the one attribute of the soul which never loses its balance. It is sometimes said of love that it is blind, seeing good where only evil exists. Love causes the wife to cling to her husband after he loses character and reputation, and when hope has nothing more to grasp.

Faith is unlike either hope or love. When it is centered in the individual, it often develops self-confidence and egotism. The man who knows it all is a victim of too much faith in himself, and his career is usually short-lived.

Faith in humanity is a good thing to possess, but too much of it causes fake schemes to thrive, and makes a ready market for gold bricks of every description.

Hope is like an anchor. It holds us steady after faith and charity are exhausted. The light in the window to cheer the mariner who might not have been lost in the storm, so long ago, or to welcome the prodigal who wandered so far away, is the expression of hope, and when it is realized, no cup of joy is more complete.

Hope is one of the great cardinal virtues. It stands in the center of the group to stimulate faith when confidence is exhausted, and to encourage love when the heart is chilled by disappointment and betrayal.

Hope decorates the darkest cloud with a silver border, and catches a gleam of light through the impenetrable gloom. It is a tonic, which comes to the aid of science in the sick room, and frequently baffles disease when all other remedies fail.

Hope is the simple term for optimism. It prompts to action, and often saves the day, under the most discouraging circumstances. It was born with the race and is still a priceless possession.

On the Spur of the Moment

ROY K. MOULTON

Parody.

A little love,
A little kiss,
A little hug,
A little bliss,
A little queen,
He is a king,
He pops and then
He buys a ring,
Pops stand around
And see them wed,
Their fate is sealed,
The words are said,
A little flat,
A little strife,
A little expense—
That's married life.

Hints for Good Cooks.

There is always one sure way to tell when an egg is bad. Boil it soft and then open it with a common case knife or a spoon. If it is bad, you will not be left long in doubt.

A very good substitute for macaroni when company comes unexpectedly is white clothes line. It can be cut up into any lengths desired and boiled until quite tender. Then pour sauce and rice out of ten guests who have eaten home cooked macaroni before will not know the difference.

Salad dressing can be made of al-

most anything, but the best imitation of the genuine can be manufactured by taking two teaspoons full of gasoline, a pint of ammonia, three tablespoonsful of cod liver oil and a fiver of axle grease. It would take an expert to detect the fact that it was an imitation.

Corned beef and cabbage make a dainty lunch for an afternoon tea. The boiling cabbage gives the house a homelike atmosphere, and will prevent the guests from staying too long.

Signs of the Times.

A woman nine feet tall was married in Missouri this week. She ought to be able to reach the high cost of living.

There seems to be room now for a Democratic Aantanas club.

A New York woman rescued a man from the slums and then married him. That may or may not be considered a rather doubtful sort of rescue.

Enough steel is wasted in talking machine needles every year to build a battleship.

Ninety per cent of the celluloid buttons manufactured in this country at the present time are being worn by book agents.

There are now 875,982 vaudeville performers singing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

A Pennsylvania convict has become a poet. This is a reversal of the usual order.

Scientists say the world will come to an end in 1932, which will give Captain Hobson plenty of time to pull off his war with Japan.

From the Hikeville Clarion.

Am Hilkler says if there is anything on earth he would rather do than something else, it is to pose for a dentist for a set of teeth or a few lead fillings. He got into Doc Bink's chair, havin' clear plum forgot about that balky boss he let Doc have on trade four years ago, and what Doc did to him was a plenty. He sent out and got a set of regular tools to yank Am's teeth with and said he was sorry but he was all out'n chloroform and ether and laffin gas. Every time he thought of the balky horse he hit Am an extra clip or so with the maul. Then he let Am go without any teeth at all for about six weeks and Am had to live on soup and mush 'n milk until he got so weak he couldn't crawl up Doc's stairs any more to ask for the teeth.

Finally Doc got a set from a mail order house and they didn't fit Am's mouth is wearin' 'em although his mouth is around under his left ear and he can't shut it no how. His wife makes him put 'em in the chiny closet with the rest of the chiny every night.

CONGRESSIONAL JUNIORS DEFEAT METHODISTS 6-5.

Three field goals made by K. Spoon won the game for the Congressional Juniors over the Methodist five in a contest played at the High School this morning. Close guarding by the small players kept the score down. The Congressional team made the other point on a foul.

The line-ups were as follows: Congressional—K. Spoon, 1. f.; Grubb, r. f.; B. Spoon, c.; Butler, l. g.; Kimball, r. g.; Swanson, Bull and

GET RID OF HUMORS AND AVOID SICKNESS

Humors in the blood cause internal derangements that affect the whole system, as well as pimples, boils and other eruptions, and are responsible for the readiness with which many people contract disease. For forty years Hood's Sarsapilla has been more successful than any other medicine in expelling humors and removing their inward and outward effects. Get Hood's. No other medicine acts like it.

A JUDDLESS LAUNDRY IS LIKE A SUNLESS WASHDAY

Judd Laundry

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Williams participated in the game. Methodists—Bennison, 1. f.; Nuzum, r. f.; Hogue, c.; Yahn, r. g.; Lane, l. g.

"Wickedness."

It is the testimony of well-qualified students of social problems that the major portion of the juvenile delinquencies, and adults offenses as well, flow from the suppressions or perversions of the "play instinct" inherent in all human nature. The phrase "the criminal type" should no longer be used. Wickedness is energy lacking a proper outlet for its exercise.—Christian Register.

Let the want ads help you to get anything you want.

PROMPT ACTION WILL STOP YOUR COUGH.

When you first catch a Cold (often indicated by a sneeze or cough), break it up at once. The idea that "it does not matter" often leads to serious complications. The remedy which immediately and easily penetrates the lining of the throat, is the kind demanded. Dr. King's New Discovery soothes the irritation, loosens the phlegm. You feel better at once. "It seemed to reach the very spot of my Cough" is one of many honest testimonials. 50c. at your Druggist.

YOUR FILMS

You want the best from every exposure. Our Finishing Department is in charge of experts.

Our policy—Not how cheap, but how good.

Our prices—Reasonable, quality considered.

Leave your work with us, we will surely please you.

Smith's Pharmacy

The Rexall Store

Kodaks and Kodak Supplies

14 West Milwaukee St.

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MAJESTIC

Lillian Walker in

"Miss Tomboy and Freckles"

Helen Holmes in "The Black Diamond Express,"

one of Kalem's thrilling stories of the railroad.

The HAZARDS of HELEN

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T. P. BURNS
— DRY GOODS & CARPETS —
— SUITS • COATS • MILLINERY —

THE GR ANNUAL CLEAR OF WINTER GOODS WILL CONT

Owing to the inclement weather of the past week, which has made the roads practically impassable, keeping a large number of our customers from attending this sale, we are now offering a special clearance sale for the saving it affords. Those who have attended any of our clearance sales know that the reductions are so great that this sale will stand out as a remarkable value at a trifling cost, for every article put in this sale must be disposed of. In fact the reductions are so great that this sale will stand out as a remarkable value at a trifling cost, for every article put in this sale must be disposed of.

THE REDUCTIONS ARE UNPRECEDENTED FOR QUALITIES INVOLVED. IT IS AN OPPORTUNITY.

DOMESTICS

Table oilcloth, special at, yd.	12½¢
Shirting prints, per yard	4½¢
Figured shallices, per yard	4½¢
Dark figured dress prints, per yard	4½¢
Apron checked gingham, per yard	4½¢
36-in. unbleached muslin, per yard	4¢
36-in. bleached muslin, per yard	5¢
9-4 bleached sheeting, per yard	21¢
42-in. pillow casing, per yard	11¢
45-in. pillow casing, special value, per yard	13¢
Unbleached Shaker flannel, per yard	4¢
Outing flannel, exceptional quality, per yard	8½¢
72x90 ready made sheets, at	39¢
81x90 ready made bleached sheets	39¢
45x36 pillow cases	9¢
18-in. bleached crash, per yard	4¢
16-in. unbleached twill crash, per yard	5¢
16-in. linen crash, per yard	5½¢
20-in. fine unbleached crash, per yard	9¢
Fine bleached crash, 15¢ value at, yd.	9¢
Bleached twill towels	4¢
Huck towels, unusual values, at	9¢
Bleached fringe damask towels, satin finish, at	13¢
White bed spreads, \$1.25 value, at	85¢
White bed spreads, fringe or plain, exceptional values, at	\$1.39
Red table cloth, fast color, per yard	23¢
Bleached table damask, satin finish, at	42¢
62-in. bleached and unbleached table damask, 85¢ value, at	47¢
72-in. fine bleached table linen, \$1.25 value, at	93¢
72-in. fine bleached table linen, \$1.00 value, at	89¢
Heavy unbleached napkins, 89¢ value, at	69¢
Unusual values in napkins, per dozen, at	93¢, \$1.39, \$1.89 and \$2.70
White checked and striped white goods, special value, at	9¢, 11¢, 13¢ and 23¢
Double faced, colored Madras, 25¢ value at	18¢
Exceptional offerings in figured curtain net, at	17¢, 23¢, 42¢ and 47¢
Asbestos table mats at ½ price.	
Regular \$1.00 table leaf mats, special at	50¢
Regular \$3.50 45-in. square mats, special at	\$1.75
Regular \$4.50 52-in. square mats, special at	\$2.25

Corsets, Gloves, Hosiery



Choice line of extra long corsets, 75¢ value, at 25¢
\$1.25 value at 89¢
All the latest numbers in American Lady, Flexibone, Moulded, American Princess, La Reine, W. B., La Camille and Modart Corsets at sale prices.
All of our \$1.50 and over corsets fitted to the form by our fitter free of charge.
Women's lined kid mittens, 75¢ value, 47¢
\$1.25 fleeced lined kid mittens, at 69¢
Children's lined kid gloves, special value, at 47¢
Ladies' knit mittens, per pair 11¢

Infants' double knit mittens, at 9¢
Women's golf gloves, per pair 13¢
Special values in women's golf gloves at 23¢ and 47¢
Guaranteed kid gloves in all the new shades, the kind that fit and wear, at \$1.39
Unusual values in cashmere gloves at 23¢ and 47¢
Special low prices in knit shawls, knit socks, children's booties and all grades of yarn.
Infants' ribbed cotton hose, per pair 9¢



Children's fine ribbed hose, triple knee, per pair 9¢
Boys' and girls' heavy ribbed hose, exceptional value 13¢
Children's heavy fleeced hose, per pair 11¢
Children's extra heavy fleeced hose, unmatched values 23¢
Children's heavy ribbed hose, per pair 13¢
Children's cashmere hose, extra fine and heavy, at 23¢
Regular 10¢ stocking feet, sale price, pair 3¢
Women's black cotton hose, 12½¢ value, per pair 9¢
Women's black cotton hose, unusual offering, per pair, at 13¢
Women's black fleeced hose, exceptional value, at 23¢ and 32¢
Women's black cashmere hose, an attractive offering, at 23¢ and 47¢
Women's silk hose, worth fully ¼ more, at 47¢, 93¢ and \$1.39
Women's silk boot hose in all colors, sale price 39¢

CURTAINS

Carpets, Rugs, Oilcloths

Nottingham lace curtains, at surprising values, per pair, at 47¢, 69¢, 93¢ and \$1.39
Brussels net lace curtains, amazing value, per pair, at \$4.19, \$4.89 and \$5.69
Ruffle curtains, beautiful styles, per pair, at 61¢, 69¢ and 93¢
Damask portiers, exceptional values, per pair, at \$2.97, \$3.89 and \$4.79
Rope portiers, at 93¢, \$1.39 and \$2.89
Rope portiers, \$5 values \$3.39
Couch covers, unlooked for values, at 69¢ and \$1.17
The following blankets you will find would be cheap at double.
Our grey, tan and white cotton blankets, per pair, at 47¢, 69¢, 93¢ and \$1.89
Fine wool blankets in white and gray, \$5.00 value, at \$3.68
Bed comforters, exceptional values, at 93¢, \$1.19
Home made bed comforters, special priced, at \$1.47, \$1.89 and \$2.19



Carpet sweepers, window shades, curtain rods, straw matting, koko matting and combination carpet sweepers, all at big reduction.
Wool fiber carpet, 50¢ value, per yd. 30¢
Wool filled ingrain carpet, special, per yard, at 37½¢
All wool ingrain carpet, extra special, per yard 69¢
Velvet carpets, border to match, specially priced, per yard 59¢
Tapestry rugs, 9x12 size, \$15.00 value, at \$10.75
\$18.00 value at \$13.50
Regular \$18.00 value 9x12 velvet rugs, sale price, at \$12.75
9x12 Axminster rugs, great values, \$18 and \$22.50
9x12 Wilton rugs, \$27.50 and \$30
9x12 genuine Wilton rugs, exceptional values, at \$32.50, \$35 and \$37.50
French Wilton rugs, 9x12, \$65 value, at \$42
Cresx and all wool rugs, oilcloths and linoleums at prices sure to interest you. Agents for Wilds, the best linoleum on the market.
Velvet rugs, 27x54, \$1.50 value, at \$1.19
\$6.00 Wilton rugs, 27x54, at \$3.59
\$8.50 Wilton rugs, 36x63, for \$5.59

**Be Sure and Visit
Our Little Paris Shop**

Dress Goods, Wash Goods, Silks

SPECIAL—ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE DESIGNER FOR 30¢. FORMER PRICE 75¢.
We carry the latest styles in standard patterns.
Dress gingham, per yard 7¢
Plaid and striped dress gingham, at, yd. 9¢
Zephyr gingham, 42-inch, per yard 13¢
Light and dark figured flannelette, per yard 9¢ and 11¢
Figured and plain crepe, per yard 16¢
Galatea, per yard 16¢
Large line of poplins, per yard 23¢
35¢ value in plain and plaid dress goods, per yard 19¢
50¢ value in plaid and checked dress goods, to close, 29¢
Large line of plain serge and dark colored dress goods, 65¢ and 75¢ value, at 47¢
All wool plaid dress goods, 52-in. wide, per yard 49¢
Large line of plaid, figured and stripe dress goods, 54-in. wide, \$1.25 value, at 69¢
36-in. foulard silk, \$1.50 value, per yard 89¢
Plain and fancy messaline silk, \$1.50 value, at 97¢
36-in. satin, \$1.35 value, at 93¢
Regular 75¢ wash silk, at 47¢
36-in. black messaline silk, \$1 value, at 89¢
54-in. all wool suiting, \$1.50 value, at \$1.17
36-in. black chiffon finish, taffeta silk, \$1.25 value, 93¢
36-in. changeable silk, extra wide, at \$1.13
40-in. silk poplins at, yd. \$1.19
Regular \$1.25 corduroy, in black and colors, per yd. 53¢
Sateen lining, special, at 23¢
Large assortment of dress goods, remnants, some of our choicest materials sold at half price.
Wool challies, specially priced, at, yd. 23¢ and 47¢
40-in. crepe de chine, special at \$1.69

NOTIONS

Darning cotton and mending wool, card
Wash cloths
Pins, per paper
Hat pins
Good quality pearl buttons, doz.
Nickel plated safety pins, per card
Hooks and eyes, per card
Good quality shoe laces, per pair
Vaseline
500 yard basting thread
Kirk's soap, oatmeal, buttermilk, etc., 3 bars for 10¢
Roberts needles 4¢
3 bunches of crimp hair pins 3¢
Pears unscented soap 10¢
Regular 20¢ value whisk brooms, at 13¢
Regular 15¢ combs
Crepe paper
Williams shaving soap
Jap rose soap, 3 bars for 25¢
Genuine Castile soap
Rose beauty glycerine soap
Shinola shoe polish
Talcum powder, 15¢ value at 8¢
Morris push pins
Colgate's talcum powder
Mennen's talcum powder
Clothes brushes, 25¢ value
Packers tar soap
Good quality scissors
Ladies' white all linen handkerchiefs 4¢

Underwear, Gowns, Waists and Sweater

Ladies' Underwear

Ladies' and children's knit underwear, ladies' muslin underwear, ladies' flannelette gowns, ladies' waists and sweater coats.
From odd lots of ladies' 25¢ value underwear, at 19¢
Ladies' white fleeced lined ribbed underwear, special value, at 21¢
Ladies' Mentor underwear, extra fine, special value 43¢
Ladies' Mentor fine ribbed wool underwear, white and gray, exceptional value, at 85¢
Merodes silk and wool ladies' underwear, \$1.50 value, at 85¢

MENTOR



Extra weight ladies' flat gray underwear, at 85¢
\$1.50 all wool ladies' camel hair drawers, close at 89¢
Special values in ladies' white ribbed fleeced union suits at 42¢ and 85¢
Regular \$1.25 ladies' white ribbed union suits, at 85¢
Regular \$2.50 ladies' white ribbed union suits, at \$1.70
Duofold all wool union suits with mercerized interlining, values at \$2.39

Ladies' Waists and Sweaters

Women's tailored waists, \$1.50 values, at 89¢
Large assortment of the famous Reed Waists, at \$1.39, \$2.39 and \$2.89
Women's black sateen waists at 47¢ and 93¢
Ladies' colored silk waists, high or low neck, at \$3.69
Large assortment of ladies' silk waists in broken sizes, \$6 and \$7 values, at \$4.89
Children's sweaters, all colors, at 42¢, \$1.12½ and \$1.89
Women's sweater coats, choice assortment, all colors, \$6.00 sweaters at \$3.89
Ladies' flannelette undershirts, all colors, extra special, at 23¢, 32¢ and 47¢
Some special bargains in ladies' gingham and white fancy aprons ranging in price from 17¢, 23¢ and 47¢
Children's black sateen bloomers, all sizes 23¢, 32¢

Ladies' Gowns



Children's outing flannel night gowns, all sizes at 47¢
Bungalow sets in light and dark colors, \$1.50 value, at \$1.19
Women's muslin gowns, nicely trimmed, at 93¢, \$1.12½, \$1.39, \$1.89
Women's muslin drawers, nicely trimmed, special value at 23¢, 32¢ and 47¢
Women's muslin skirts, values that will surprise you, at 69¢, 93¢, \$1.12½, \$1.82, \$2.39
Women's muslin combination suits, special values at 47¢, 69¢ and 93¢
Women's flannelette gowns, values at 47¢, 69¢, 93¢, \$1.12, \$1.39

Children's Underwear

Regular 25¢ children's fleeced lined underwear, at 17¢, rise 21¢
Children's gray ribbed fleeced lined underwear, extra fine 35¢ values, at 21¢
Children's extra heavy ribbed fleeced lined underwear 35¢ values, at 21¢
Children's gray flat, all wool underwear at 27¢, rise 31¢
Regular 75¢ children's cream fleeced lined union suit at 43¢
Regular 75¢ children's black tights 42¢

16-18 West Milwaukee Street

T. P. BURNS

LATEST CLEARANCE SALE

T. P. BURNS
DRY GOODS & CARPETS
— SUITS · COATS · MILLINERY —

OPEN FOR TWO WEEKS LONGER

Our former friends and patrons from attending this huge sale, we have decided to continue it for two weeks longer. During this sale, we have cut prices so deeply that there is a great money saving advantage to every woman who attends this sale. As the most important selling event of the entire season.

UNITY THAT YOU SHOULD TAKE ADVANTAGE OF EARLY. READ THE FOLLOWING:

White embroidered handkerchiefs..... 5c up
75c ladies' hand bags..... 47c
\$1.25 ladies' hand bags..... 93c
\$3.00 ladies' beaded hand bags..... \$1.50
\$1.25 ladies' fancy head scarfs..... 93c
12 1/2c Hamburg and Swiss embroidery edges,
yard..... 9c
35c corset cover, embroidery, yd..... 23c
8c linen laces..... 4c
plain colored satin and gross grain ribbon, 12 1/2c
yd. at, yd..... 4c
line of pillow shams and dressed scarfs, \$1 value,
at..... 45c
75c ladies' umbrellas..... 42c
30c ladies' umbrellas..... 47c
\$1.25 ladies' umbrellas..... 93c
umbrellas, special priced,
at..... 93c, \$2.69, \$3.69 and \$5.87
stationery, per box..... 13c
initial stationery, per box..... 29c
cutting flouncing at, yd..... 7c

Men's Furnishings



Men's fleeced lined underwear special value at 39c, 42c and 55c.
Men's natural gray wool underwear, excellent value, at \$1.06
Men's Australian wool underwear shirt with double front and back, special value, \$1.28
Men's heavy fleeced union suits, extra special..... 85c
Men's Mentor union suits, special values at 85c, \$1.28, \$2.55

Mens' Rockford socks, per pair..... 5c
Men's black and tan socks, extra special, at..... 9c, 13c, 23c
Men's fine and heavy wool socks, regular 35c value, 23c
Men's sweater coats, exceptional values, at..... \$1.39, \$2.79 and \$4.69
Boys' sweater coats..... 39c
Boys' suspenders, per pair..... 4c
Boys' dress shirts, special at..... 39c
Men's unlaundered white shirts..... 19c
Men's negligee coat shirts, regular 75c values at..... 59c
Men's negligee coat shirts, choice patterns, \$1.00 values, at..... 89c



Men's white unlaundered shirts, at..... 42c and 69c
Boys' brown and blue flannel shirts, special at..... 39c
Men's work shirts, at..... 47c
Men's flannel shirts, unmatched values, at..... 69c, 93c
Men's flannelette night shirts, extra weight and made long and roomy, special values at 47c, 69c, 93c
Suit cases, \$1.50 values, at..... 93c
Extra specials in suit cases..... \$1.39, \$1.89, \$3.29
Great values in club bags.
Boys' blue overalls..... 23c and 32c
Men's blue overalls..... 47c, 59c, 69c, 93c
Men's 25c neckties, sale price..... 13c
Men's four-in-hand ties..... 23c
Special values in men's ties, at..... 35c and 47c
Men's wool double mitts, extra special..... 47c
Men's kid gloves and mitts, unusual value, at..... 47c, 69c and 93c
Men's mufflers, extra special at..... 23c and 47c
24-in. men's colored handkerchiefs, at..... 4c
Men's white handkerchiefs, special values, at..... 4c, 11c, 13c, 17c and 23c
Regular 35c men's suspenders, at..... 23c
Men's four ply linen collars..... 10c
Men's slides for ties..... 23c
Men's 50c suspenders, special at..... 35c

Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Dept.



A Once in a Lifetime to Purchase These Goods at Such Ridiculous Prices

In this department we have excelled all competition. This is conceded by all. Selling good merchandise for less money than others is our claim throughout the store but in the ready to wear department we aim only to carry goods manufactured by the best manufacturers in the United States.

25 children's coats that sold as high as \$8.00 now going at..... \$1.97
35 children's coats that sold as high as \$13.50 now going at..... \$3.27
35 ladies' coats that sold as high as \$18.50 now going at..... \$3.79
40 ladies' coats that sold as high as \$27.50 now going at..... \$4.93

The choicest of the season's fashions in ladies' coats, all going at 1/2 price.

\$ 8.00 coats now going at..... \$4.00
\$10.00 coats now going at..... \$5.00
\$12.00 coats now going at..... \$6.00
\$15.00 coats now going at..... \$7.50
\$18.00 coats now going at..... \$9.00
\$20.00 coats now going at..... \$10.00
\$25.00 coats now going at..... \$12.50
\$30.00 coats now going at..... \$15.00
\$35.00 coats now going at..... \$17.50
\$40.00 coats now going at..... \$20.00

Ladies' and Misses' tailored suits in all the popular cloths and colors now selling at these wonderful prices.

35 suits that sold as high as \$23.50 now going at \$3.47

75 suits that sold as high as \$37.50 now going at \$4.78
Some of our choicest suits now going at less than 1/2 price.

\$15.00 suits now selling at..... \$7.00
\$18.00 suits now selling at..... \$8.50
\$20.00 suits now selling at..... \$9.50
\$22.50 suits now selling at..... \$11.00
\$25.00 suits now selling at..... \$12.00
\$30.00 suits now selling at..... \$13.50
\$35.00 suits now selling at..... \$16.50
\$40.00 suits now selling at..... \$19.50

Many great bargains in raincoats.

One lot we call your attention to is \$3.50 raincoats going at \$1.95 in our big clearing sale, many other coats going at same reduction.

LADIES' DRESSES

Dresses that sold as high as \$9.00 going at..... \$2.97
Dresses that sold as high as \$12.50 going at..... \$4.89
Dresses that sold as high as \$16.50 going at..... \$6.00
Dresses that sold as high as \$22.50 going at..... \$9.00
Dresses that sold as high as \$35.00 going at..... \$12.00
House dresses regular \$1.25 value at..... 93c
Kimono regular \$1.25 values at..... 93c

PETTICOATS

Silk petticoats in a large assortment of colors.
Regular \$3.50 value now going at..... \$2.19
Gingham petticoats, 75c values, going at..... 47c

Visit our store during this big reduction sale and save money. Read all announcements carefully. Every price here represents garments or goods of the very best brands in the American market.

Beautiful Hats of Attractive Styles at Clearing Sale Prices to Everyone

Be Sure and Visit
Our Little Paris Shop

BURNS

JANESVILLE,
WISCONSIN



DOINGS OF THE VAN LOONS—After Ah Mother Still Has a Sense of Humor—

BY F. LEIPZIGER

THE LADY AND THE PIRATE

BY
EMERSON HOUGH

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PROLOGUE.

There have been many fascinating tales of men who sailed the Spanish main, but this is the most fascinating and the most original pirate yarn ever written. From the moment when Jean Lafitte, pirate chieftain, cries "Halt, cutthroat! Halt or I will blow you out of the water!" there is something doing every moment in the pirate line. There is treasure, there is a captured prize, there is "yon varlet," and there is even a fair captive. There is—but why spoil Emerson Hough's delightful romance? Up anchor, dear reader, and away to the Spanish main!

CHAPTER I.

In Which I Am a Caitiff.

I WAS sitting at one of my favorite spots engaged in looking through my fly book for some lure that might perhaps mend my luck in the afternoon's fishing. At least I had within the moment been so engaged, although the truth is that the evening was so exceptionally fine and the spot always so extraordinarily attractive to me—this particular angle of the stream, where the tall birches stand, being to my mind the most beautiful bit on my whole estate—that I had forgotten all about angling. Moreover, a peculiarly fine specimen of anopheles (as I took it to be) was at that very moment hovering over my hand, and I was anxious to confirm my judgment as well as to enlarge my collection of mosquitoes. Indeed, I say, I was at that very moment as happy as a man can be, or at least as happy as I ever expected to be. Imagine my surprise, therefore, at that moment to hear a voice, apparently intended for me, exclaim: "Halt, caitiff!"

The situation seemed to me singular. Had the time been some centuries earlier, the place somewhere in the old world, such speech might have had better fitting. But the time was less than a year ago, the place was in America. I was on my own lands, in this one of our middle states. This was my own river, or at least I owned the broad acres on both sides of it for some miles. And I was a man of no slinking habits, no repulsive men, of that I was assured, but a successful American of means; lately a professional man and now a man of leisure and not so far past thirty years of age. My garb was not of leather jerkin, my buskins not of thought straw, but on the contrary I was turned out in good tweeds, well cut by my London tailor. To be called out and with no more reason than that there was provocation a "caitiff," even by a voice somewhat treble and a trifle trembling, left me every reason in the world to be surprised, annoyed, and grieved.

I looked up. Just at the bend, arrested now by hand anchorage to the overhanging alders, lay a small boat, occupied by two boys, neither of more than fourteen years, the younger seemingly not more than twelve.

A second glance gave me even more surprise, for it showed that the boat, though not precisely long, low and rakish of build, evidently was of piratical intent. At least she was piratical in decoration. On each side of her bow there was painted in more or less accurate design in black the emblem of a skull and crossbones. Above her, supported by a short staff, perhaps cut from my own willows, flew a black flag, and, whatever may have been her stern chaser equipment, her broadside batteries or her deck cannonades, her bow chaser was certainly in commission, and, as I saw, ready for action. The pirate

captain himself was at the tiller, and I perceived that he now rested an extraordinarily large six shooter in the fork of a short staff, which was fixed in the bow. Along this, with a three cornered gray eye, he now sighted at the lower button of my waistcoat and in a fashion that gave me gooseflesh underneath the button, in spite of all my mingled emotions.

"Halt, sirrah," began the pirate leader again, "or I will blow you out of the water!"

"I sat for a moment regarding him, my chin in my hand.

"No," said I at last; "I already am out of the water, my friend. But, prithee, have a care of yonder landyard, else, gadzooks, you may be like me off the bank and into the water."

This speech of mine seemed as much to disconcert the pirate chieftain as had his me. He stood erect, shifting his long tom, to the great ease of my waistcoat button.

"Won't you heave to and put off a small boat for a parley?" I inquired.

"What ho, mates?" demanded the captain in as gruff a voice as he could compass. "Ye've heard his speech, and he has struck his flag."

"Suppose the villain plays us false," rejoined the "mates," or, rather, the mate, in a voice so high or quavering that for a moment it was difficult for me to repress a smile, although these three years past I rarely had smiled at all.

The captain turned to one side, so that now I could see both him and his crew. The leader was as fine a specimen of boy as you could have asked, sturdy of bare legs, brown of face, red of hair, ragged and tumbled of garb. His crew was active, though slightly less robust, a fair haired, light skinned chap, blue eyed and somewhat better clad than his companion. There was something winning about his face. At a glance I knew his soul. He was a dreamer, an idealist, an artist in the bud. My heart leaped out to him instinctively in a great impulse of sympathy and understanding. Indeed, suddenly I felt the blood tingle through my hair. I looked upon life as I had not these three years. The imagination of youth, the glamour of adventure, lay here before me, things I cruelly had missed these last few years, it seemed to me.

"How now, shipmates?" I remarked mildly. "Wouldst doubt the faith of one who himself bath down the Jolly Rover? Cease your fears and come aboard—that is to say, come ashore."

"Git out, Jimmy," I heard the captain say in a low voice after a moment of indecision. "Keep him covered till I tie her up."

Jimmy, the fair haired pirate, hauled in on the alders and flung a grappling iron aboard my bank, which presently he ascended. His once white jacket now was soiled, and one leg of his knickerbockers was loose from his scramble up the bank. He was belted beyond all ear-like need, wore indeed two belts, which supported two long hunting knives and a Malay creese, such as we now get from the Philippines, as well as a revolver large beyond all proportion to his own size. A second revolver of like dimensions now trembled in his hand, and, even though its direction toward me was no more than general, I regained the gooseflesh underneath my waistcoat, for no man could tell what might happen.

"Come alongside, brothers," said I, pushing my fly rod to one side. "Make fast and come aboard. And, tell me, what cheer?"

They drew up to me, stern of mien, bold of bearing, dauntless of purpose. How I envied them! Theirs all the splendor of youth, of daring, of adventure, of romance—things gone by from me, or for the most part never known.

(To be Continued.)

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

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(Copyright, 1914, by John Fleming Wilson.)

He led the way back toward the hut, muttering now and again of the terrible things he had seen.

And while Ruth was thus defying all precedent and going to the aid of the man she loved Wilkerson had found himself again humbled in, cut off in the darkness from escape to the city.

Though he and Dorr had driven the hillmen away from the hut and quenched their eagerness of assault, they still hovered in the little gullies, and on every hand the fugitive found himself confronted by a heard but unseen enemy.

He stole back to the hut and peered in. John was still bound in the chair, and Drake's body lay huddled on the floor.

He made his preparations quickly, piling some dried grass and fine rubbish against one corner of the hut.

When the pile was once alight he dumped some powder on it and ran

morning sky when Consul Reynolds and Sir Donald spurred their wearied horses up to where John and Achmet squatted with Ruth between them, still but dimly conscious.

Dorr briefly explained his experiences and related how Ruth had suddenly appeared, just as he had given up hope.

Sir Donald, kneeling by Ruth's side, gently patted her hand.

The next morning Mrs. Reynolds laid down the law in set terms to the party assembled around the breakfast table.

"You must get this young lady back to America," she said. "papers or no papers!"

John and Sir Donald nodded without glancing at each other.

Thus it was that a couple of days later old Tom Kane at the "Master Key" mine received a cablegram reading:

Wilkerson Darnell aboard steamship Pacific; Frisco, 30th, with papers. We follow next steamer.

Thus it was that the struggle between Wilkerson and John Dorr was again transformed to the valley in which lay the "Master Key" mine.

Wilkerson and Jean Darnell, with the precious papers in their possession, slipped away hurriedly, taking the first steamer that sailed.

He had told her about Drake's death, though unable to say how it had happened. Privately he had no regrets.

The young man had served his purpose, and it was by no means doubtful that Mrs. Darnell would have seen to it that he had his reward, for she liked him as much as it was in her nature to care for any man, he thought.

"He was an awfully good sort," she said to Wilkerson one night as they leaned over the rail and watched the long swells from the bow speed fan-wise into the infinity of the sea.

"Yes, the fellow had his good points," he admitted.

"I miss him," she said simply. Later she added thoughtfully, "I think he was in love with me."

Wilkerson laughed.

Mrs. Darnell glanced at him with an expression strange on her handsome face. "Yes, I am sure he loved me."

"In vain," he returned lightly.

"I don't know whether it might have been wholly in vain after all," she murmured. "Life has given me little love of that kind. It seems as if I had always been a woman who for mere self protection could not let any one love me or let myself love him."

"I should not have let you love him," was the quiet response. "I have struggled too hard and fought too long for you to allow any one else to have you."

"And what does your love amount to, after all, Harry?" she asked. "Tell me plainly. Has it done either of us any good? Will it ever do us any good?"

Wilkerson stared out at the dark sea, and his face grew slowly very cruel.

"Good?" he repeated. "All that I know is that I love you more than anything else in the universe. You love luxury and jewelry and gold and silk. Because I know what you love I am trying to get it for you, because I want you more than I want anything else. I—I think we are even."

"Even?" she said in a suddenly strained voice. "Yes, we are even—the felon and the murderer, I the receiver of stolen goods, stolen happiness, stolen life, stolen gold."

When they finally reached San Francisco Wilkerson found her oddly distraught. She did not know whether to go to the mine or to return to New York.

One moment she was in a tigerish rage; the next hour she was staring at the fog haunted hills with eyes that saw nothing.

He stormed and argued to no purpose. He recalled to her constantly the fact that he had the deeds, the master key itself, the plans of the location of the mother lode.

She either listened listlessly or drove him away with furious upbraidings. Yet in the end she accompanied him to Silent Valley.

It was a bitter moment for old Tom Kane when the stage drove up and Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell got out instead of John Dorr and Ruth.

He had hoped against hope, and now his dreams were in ashes, for Wilkerson instantly took charge, the men, as Tom put it to himself, followed the maxim, and so far as outward appearance went the "Master Key" mine was firmly in Wilkerson's possession.

Mrs. Darnell here proved herself the shrewder mind. Though she was little seen, her influence was potent.

And more than anything else she worked on Wilkerson so that he did not use the plans and open up the rich vein.

"Wait," she told him. "Don't be impatient. Our whole power here is in the fact that we have the secret. Once that is public we'll likely lose everything."

"But we ought to be at work before Dorr gets back," he would argue.

"Yes, and every count in the land will help him to regain this mine and its wealth. Don't you see? Compromise!"

"Compromise!" he repeated dutily.

"Yes, you fool!"

"But how?"

"Wait—wait till John and Ruth get back. They'll be glad enough to buy those plans, Harry."

When John Dorr and Ruth arrived on the following steamer Everett met them at the pier and told them the news as he had gathered it from faithful Tom Kane, whom Jean Darnell had insisted should resume his duties as cook, sagely observing to Wilkerson that it would be well for them to have a witness whose veracity Dorr would not impugn.

Settled in the hotel, Dorr briefly related the experiences of the past months and then bluntly asked, "What are we to do?"

Everett was ready with his answer, "Compromise!"

The dull red flooded John's face, and he bit his lip. Had all his work gone for nothing?

Everett laid a friendly hand on his knee. "Now listen," he said gravely. "Here is Miss Ruth minus her key, practically ousted from possession of her property and, if we are not mistaken, unable to lay her hands on her most precious inheritance—the plans of the mother lode. They're in Wilkerson's possession."

"And he's digging the gold night and day!" John burst out.

With a swift glance to reassure Ruth, who sat in mournful silence, Everett went on:

"That is the shrewd part of Wilkerson's play. He knows that the law will give Miss Ruth here back her mine and all that it contains. It would take time, but as sure as we are, sit-

ting here, and no one knows it better than he—justice would strip him of every bit gotten cent and send him to prison with his accomplice. So what does he do? Hastily uncover the real prize? No. He conceals it still and merely works the original mine."

"But we can put him out of father's mine, can't we?" demanded Ruth.

"And when we do we shall still be no wiser as to the location of the real gold. All our trouble and expense will have gone for naught. Wilkerson will still hold the secret of the 'Master Key.'"

"And how are we going to get it from him?" demanded Dorr, clenching his fist.

Everett smiled. "By buying it from him."

"He will ask millions!"

The broker smiled again.

"Consider Wilkerson's position for a moment. He is liable to arrest, trial and long imprisonment on a dozen charges. Within twenty-four hours we can have him behind the bars. But we wouldn't be helping ourselves much, would we? Yet Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell don't want to go to jail. We hold that club over them."

"They have the secret we must have and we can ruin their lives. Therefore we make a trade. We give them assurance that we will not prosecute them, that we will even enrich them, if need be, and they in return for this, hand us over the plans that Thomas Gallon made."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Helpmeet.

"Every time one of his acquaintances has a bit of luck and makes a pot of money he grieves over it."

"That's because he knows that when he gets home his wife will jump on him because he didn't make a pot of money."

Dinner Stories

A young woman who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that he

liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice.

"Ah, Venice! he said, said the friend. 'I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, because the eye will attempt my never-failing experiment.' Taking from his pocket a \$5 bill, he said: 'I shall cause this bill to disappear utterly.' So saying, he lent it to a friend."

"We rest," said the distinguished lawyer for the defense.

"Ah, such is life," added Raggy Rufus, recounting the circumstances to Plooding Peter. "We rest, and get the dog set on us. He rests—and gets paid for doing it!"

"Have you ever been to this court before, sir?"

"Yes, sir; I have been here often."

"Ha, ha! Been here often, have you? Now, tell the court what for."

"Well, I have been here at least a half dozen times to try and collect that tailor's bill you owe me."

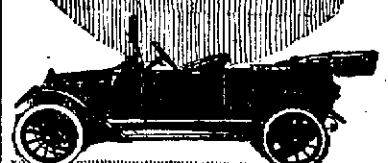
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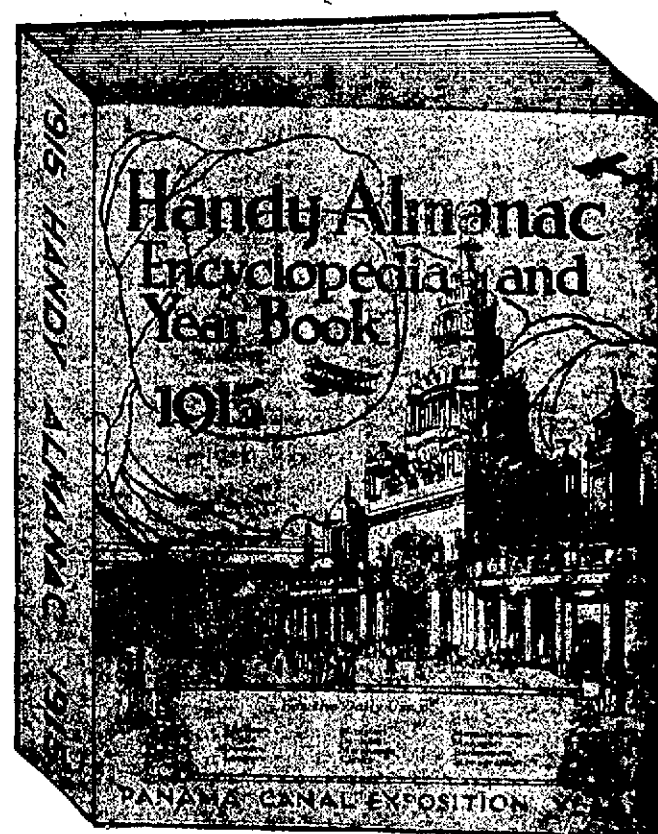
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The Handy Almanac Encyclopedia and Year-Book for 1915 contains approximately 300 pages including a carefully prepared index, and numerous illustrations.

The Daily Gazette, Janesville, Wis.

When the Market Turned

By Elsie Endicott

RANGWYN, standing in the long corridor, near his office, had two thoughts then. The first was that it would be a very pretty thing to see big and heavy Muir Watson go crashing down from where he stood, at the middle of the day, while stupefied men who watched from below cried out in fear and knew not what they cried. That way would certainly have been better for some things, but more likely to himself. In affairs of murder you cannot have truly spectacular effects (with audience) without paying the market price. This was exactly what Brangwyn was determined to avoid.

So that his second thought was simply as to what would happen if his own plan failed. Then he himself (the window outside the board-room raised in readiness) would hear that blurred shouting of men as he fell—if a man did hear anything at all during such adventures.

He wondered as he went back into the room of his achievement, and then was perfectly and serenely certain that there could be no failure at all. Long before this time tomorrow Muir Watson would be dead, and the hastily summoned doctor would talk about the cardiac failure that was common to wealthy men.

His fingers stopped their devil's tattoo upon the glass, and he went back into the room that was Muir Watson's own.

Here his work was now done, but a big sense of power and the avenging of personal wrong fascinated him, and he shivered to think of the damp London streets where men hastened to the childish amusements, ordinary men who could never have imagined the splendid scheme of killing he had wrought.

He looked fixedly at the telephone

that enshrined his craft. Above it hung the little framed card with the phrase that had ridden his brain till at last the fine way for his purpose had come to him. It was Stevenson's prayer for the business man.

"Be cheerful! Above all things, be cheerful! Give us to go blithely about our business all this day; bring us to our rest; bring us to our rest; and undisturbed and content in the end of the day."

Passing into his own room, he thought once more over the laid plan. It would be most inconsiderate of his employer, he reflected, if the latter allowed any unpleasant sounds of his death moments to penetrate the tight door between the two rooms. Once again his mind hunted for flaws and found only one of consequence.

That was the chance that at the moment some friend of Watson's might come to look him up—one of his few friends with the right of direct entry from the corridor, through the door marked "strictly private."

He called himself a fool to worry about this remote possibility. He knew it was all plain; he would simply go into Watson's room, find Watson dead, see to the telephone and then look out for the clerk, horrified, to send them running for a doctor.

Mrs. Brangwyn, the doctor said, must die. Things had gone too far and nothing could save her now. There might be pain, a stupid difficulty about breathing... there would certainly be the continuing of that cough. If she had been able to go away directly the thing was known, somewhere high up, the good, dry air of the mountains would have been as the wine of life to her.

Brangwyn had put the money by, right enough; and, finally two years before, had put the lot of it through the slot of that most dignified money-bag known to the readers of the daily papers as Consolidated Copper, Limited.

But on the day that Brangwyn had

walked to the office thinking about a good holiday for himself and wife, the newshy had come running up the Strand—"Three-thirty winner. Big Smash in the City—Pa-a-per!"

Six months before tonight, too, as a crown on the head of vast and painful darkness, of the mind. Brangwyn had found what he had not known before. The man behind Consolidated Copper, the real destroyer and thief, was big Muir Watson.

The mathematical problem was there plain. Indeed, the advantage, all finished, was with Watson, for he would die practically without pain. In that house for the dying in the north of London, where, unknown mostly, the marked given-up go, his wife would have discomfort before death came.

All this had been thrashed out and judged upon, and justified, before Brangwyn's nights had been busy with the making of the telephone.

The telephone was, from an absolutely outside point of view, a rather creditable achievement. B. A. said "yes" to the old textbooks; B. A. said "yes" to this scheme and "no" to that before the two of them finally shook satisfied hands. Man Brangwyn, hearing what each had to say, held always the casting vote.

There would have liked something really effective and showy, himself, said Brangwyn at the conference; but with most of those who enthusiastically B. A. at first suggested a nasty picture of strangled arms and a dismal walking from a special cell flickered before his eyes.

The one real test of cleverness in these undertakings, he argued with B. A., was to escape the usual result. So, method by method put forward and rejected, they narrowed down to the idea of the telephone that was now complete.

This receiver of his own making lay horizontal on the two hooks, as did the one it had displaced. But the circumference of the tube between ear-

piece and mouthpiece was an eighth of an inch larger, and the section behind the mouthpiece that contains the microphone was also larger than usual.

As it lay horizontal now upon the hooks, it was just the well-known instrument, ready to hand for the quick business man. But when Muir Watson lifted it off the hooks in the morning at a call, and held it vertically (or at an angle) to his ear and his mouth, a little catch lifted of itself, and allowed a leaden pellet to run down to the enlarged chamber behind the mouthpiece.

There lay a cunningly blown bulb, sealed of thin glass. The pellet broke the glass, and let loose highly concentrated vapor of tetra-chloride, with which the even more poisonous disinfectant of carbon was mixed, and Watson's heavy, clean-shaven, mouth would receive the swift evaporation.

He would faint—if it did not happen at once, as was quite probable—and fall forward from his chair.

The scene skilfully set, he would all this a most praiseworthy scheme as the district joined him to West Kensington.

Holding himself tightly, rejecting everything from his mind till Watson should return, he set to work again. He had shown the excellence of the new lamp by a little table of candle-power figures, and had written about 200 words of write-up, when the telephone bell in his own room rang.

He jumped before he left his chair to answer it, there was only one use for telephones till this morning was through.

The very manner of the first words, quick and direct—a little excited, Brangwyn fancied—showed at once that this was no ordinary business call.

"Yes, I'm Brangwyn. What is it?"

"Very important news," spoke the telephone. "And a message from your wife."

Nothing more came that was capable

of translation by the wrought brain of the man who held the receiver. Instead there was just a warm impotent buzzing, as from a great pit where many voices at once roared to Brangwyn foul messages that nothing could change into human speech.

He felt himself totally sick and useless for the space of a century, till the voice of the girl in the private ear of the building spoke like a real word again.

"There's something wrong with your instrument. Will you go to Mr. Watson's telephone, please? I've put you through."

Strangely, it was not the thought of the choking tetra-chloride vapor that was with Brangwyn as the receiver dropped and he stood irresolute, but the old flickering vision of the strangled arms and the dreadful walk of a few yards or so in the raw of a winter morning. Then that seemed far preferable; and he drove through the door into Watson's room and stood trembling, seeing the big red fire, the shining on the book cases and the framed paper above the telephone that he had made.

Remembering that there was something his wife wished to tell him, he stumbled by the table so blindly that the sharp corner bruised his thigh, and snatching up the receiver from the hooks, with a quick turn to the right and round, brought it upside down, the mouthpiece above his head. That way, naturally, the catch would not work; the unbroken glass bulb was up, not down where the leaden ball could run to answer it. His head bent back, he shouted to the mouthpiece over him.

It was hardly a minute before he had the story which was to be his end. For once the doctors had been wrong. Zarat of Vienna, called in at the instance of somebody unnamed, had come to England and tried his new discovery upon Brangwyn's wife. It was certain that she would live, and not only that, but she would completely recover in time.

To this Brangwyn deliberately chose fitting words of thanks. A moment's pause. "Dick, I'm so glad."

This was from his wife, wheeled up on her chair to the instrument—as a surprise. But this was not to be endured, and as Muir Watson pushed open the door from the passage the telephone went back against the wall.

"Anything fresh? I say, you're looking pretty steady, Brangwyn. You've been overdoing it."

Brangwyn's hands moved on the table, the fingers opened and shut very slowly as though a string were pulling them. He looked up with eyes that were tired out, and shifted his tongue about his lips. The taste was certainly most unpleasant.

"I've got something new, anyway, Brangwyn. You're a stupid old ass, you know, though you've been a good card to me, and I don't know what I should have done without you. If I'd had any sense you'd have let me into your workshop and saved me no end of trouble. As it is, I've had to find things out by myself."

"Would you—mind—?" began Brangwyn very slowly; but Watson pulled him up.

"What do I mean? Is that it? Well, why didn't you tell me about your new idea, life a sensible chap? I've been all out, bit by bit, from the day you began to go off color. And at last I fixed up with the biggest post at the whole game—some German Johnny or other—and they tell me in a letter this morning that he's done the trick to rights."

"I wouldn't tell you before, in case it was all no good. Then I found out that you were one of those who had struck a lick on Consolidated Copper. I buckled into that, and now little double C is as right as a new pin, and you'll get a sight more than two, and you'll have a share. If you don't believe me, have a look at this afternoon's paper and the Financial News tomorrow to make sure."

"You'd better take the missus for a

long holiday—you're looking like 10 a penny and no buyers. I can't afford to lose you. Been using the new telephone?"

"Yes," answered Brangwyn, and knew it to be his last word. He had been dully wondering why he had held out so long. He knew the strength of the thing right through.

"I've had a chap in two or three times with a new telephone code that makes you hear 1,000 per cent clearer, or some such lie. I let him go ahead this morning, before you turned up, more to get rid of him than anything else."

"He cut the whole shoot right away and I made him find it in the fire straight off, so I could see it burn. It did burn, too, and what's more, it exploded and made no end of a glorious stink the second it struck a coal. I told him when he put up the fresh instrument that if his new patent ever did the same thing, I'd make him refund his bill, with something added for the shock to the nerves. What's the matter, man?"

Watson used to say afterwards, when the firm was booming more than ever, and Brangwyn was fertile with new ideas that meant much money for them both, that Brangwyn's brain went at that very minute, the result of long-continued overwork and strain.

"For Brangwyn, now gripping the edge of the table, sat bolt upright and babbled, with half a dozen halts, the words of Stevenson's prayer. Only at the last of it did he speak without halting. The final phrase came in a mechanical, foolish rush."

"Bring us to our rest; bring us to our rest; and undisturbed and content in the end of the day."

They got him to a rough bed, and called in a doctor. Brangwyn slept through a day and a night, and the next day, when he awoke London was hastening theaterward once more, and the sleeper was cured and happy and sane.

Evansville News

Evansville, Feb. 6.—Mrs. Sophia Harnish of Shelby, Ill., Mrs. Eva Richardson of Beloit, Arthur Wagner of Kibbourn; Mrs. Catherine O'Brien, Chicago; Mrs. Flora Gilbert, Oregon; Mrs. W. H. Hensen, Forest and daughter of Chicago, were those from out of town to attend the funeral of the late W. H. Walnwright.

Mrs. White of Brooklyn was an Evansville visitor yesterday.

Misses Mae and Helen McGuire of Brooklyn, attended the charity ball here last night.

H. C. D. Hansen, Robert Gillies, George Waite, Harvey Sturweaver, Palmer Haynes, George Dwyer, Peter Rasmussen, all members of the Brooklyn T. O. C. P. were here yesterday to attend the funeral of the late W. H. Walnwright.

Miss Sadie Kilvin of Brooklyn, was an Evansville visitor last night.

George L. Pullen was a Madison visitor yesterday.

Miss Wilma O'Brien of Brooklyn, visited Evansville friends last night.

Miss Adelaide Evans of Baraboo, is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Evans, for a few days.

Leonard Eager of the University of Wisconsin, is home for over Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Gertrude Eager.

Miss Lillian Spencer of Brooklyn, is visiting over Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Spencer of this city.

Spencer Pullen of Madison, is spending the week end with his parents.

Mrs. J. M. Bodenberger is on the sick list.

Miss Cora Morgan of Madison, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Morgan, over Sunday.

George De Vall of Brooklyn, was an Evansville business visitor yesterday.

Marjorie Spencer of Magnolia, is spending Sunday at her parental home.

Are Repairing Wires.

About eighty Western Union repair men from all sections of the country are in Evansville working in both directions from the city, to repair the great havoc wrought by the storm the first part of the week. Twenty men are working in the city, and the balance are repairing the lines in the worst condition between here and Fellows. Local officials are in hopes that it would be possible to get a temporary wire through to Jenesville and Baraboo today. For a short time yesterday communication between here and Madison was possible, but the wire was down again at night.

The entire resetting of poles will be necessary to put the line in its former condition, the work will take considerable time.

Choose Officers.

The following officers were chosen for the Executive Literary Society at their last meeting: Secretary, Warren Upton.

Vice President—Etta Tourtelotte, Secretary—Morgan, Treasurer—Millard Davis, Critic—Prof. Hunter, Chaplain—Celle Allison.

Married.

Charles H. Miles and Miss Maud Rupp, both of this city, were united in marriage at ten o'clock yesterday morning at the home of the bride's uncle, W. D. Miller, Rev. C. E. Coon officiating.

Immediately after the ceremony the couple left for a brief visit to the couple, Minnesota, Beloit, Wisconsin, and Brodhead, Wisconsin, after which they will be at home to their many friends in Evansville.

On February 27 an examination for rural mail carriers will be held in this city. This open competitive examination is held under the civil service commission in Evansville, Edgerton and Beloit.

Mrs. C. M. Malcolm of Minneapolis, who was en route for the south, paid Mrs. C. E. Lee a visit the fore part of the week.

Winston received word yesterday from his wife, who is in Johnston caring for her father, saying that Mr. Rye is convalescing nicely.

F. S. Cain of Caledonia spent the fore part of the week in town.

Robert Elodge of Beloit was the recent guest of his niece, Mrs. J. C. Krause, of this city.

Mrs. J. M. Bodenberger is on the sick list.

Miss B. Gates has returned to her home at Milwaukee, after a several days' visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Day.

Mrs. C. O'Brien of Chicago is a guest at the W. H. Walnwright home this week.

Mrs. J. C. Krause and Miss Harriet Mayford spent yesterday in Beloit with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Forrest.

Mrs. John Moore and Miss Mary Champey were Oregon visitors the middle of the week.

Miss Marion Calkins left yesterday for Madison, where she entered the state normal school.

Mrs. Fred Stiff of Albany is visiting local relatives this week.

Floyd Blukely spent yesterday in Madison Wednesday.

A. S. Baker was a Jenesville business visitor Thursday.

Mrs. Walter Green returned the fore part of the week from a visit at Whitewater and Milwaukee.

Col. D. F. Finnan is spending today in Alwater, where he is auctioneering bled stock. Yesterday he held a sale at Hixton, Wis.

Miss Wilder was a passenger to Jenesville Thursday.

Clint Scofield visited friends in Oregon the middle of the week.

Mrs. Lauren Bagley entertained at a St. George round yesterday.

Frank Krause was a Jenesville business visitor yesterday.

Hyatt Weaver made a business trip to Jenesville yesterday.

Ralph Stevens is spending a few days in Milwaukee on business.

F. S. Jones was a Jenesville business visitor yesterday.

Mrs. C. E. Lee is entertaining her nephew, Frank Shurrun, of Milwaukee this week.

a friendly greeting. Timely topics, inspiring music. Public worship every Sunday 10:30 a. m., 7:00 p. m. Sunday school 12:30 p. m.

"Go-to-Church" Sunday at St. Paul's Church.

Mass at 10:30 a. m. Sermon, "God, Man and Religion." Evening services at 7:30. Sermon subject, "What Catholics Do Not Believe."

Free Methodist Church.

Sabbath school, 9:30. Morning sermon, 10:30. Class meeting, 11:30. Young people's meeting, 7:00. Preaching Tuesday evening, 7:00. At the service, mid-week prayer meeting, 7:30. Everybody cordially invited to attend these services. Rev. A. J. Damon.

Second Advent Church.

Preaching service every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock at Fisher Hall. Everybody cordially invited. Rev. C. Hewitt, pastor.

Whitewater News

Whitewater, Feb. 6.—A miscellaneous shower was given last evening to Miss Mildred Pierce by Miss Florence Redding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Tubbs, on Newcomb street.

About twenty-five were present and enjoyed a most delightful evening. "500," after which refreshments were served. Miss Pierce received many beautiful gifts.

Sixteen school friends helped Miss Florence Gustavson celebrate her fourteenth birthday last evening. A six o'clock dinner was served, and the young people spent a pleasant evening at games.

Gertrude and Maude Thayer of Palmyra and Mrs. Fred Kreuser of Little Prairie were here last evening to attend the shower given Miss Mildred Pierce.

Miss Margaret Messerschmidt is visiting Miss Uretta Carter, in Milwaukee.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Cox came last evening from Woodstock, Illinois, to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Cox, and other relatives here.

D. Redmond of Elgin, Illinois, has been in town this week.

A large crowd attended the dance last evening at Woodman Hall, given by Tatt's orchestra.

Alfred Billett of Oconomowoc drove over from Oconomowoc Friday, inspecting telephone poles.

Miss Margaret Fifield was here from Jenesville to attend the charity ball last evening.

C. F. Allen left last evening for Knoxville, Iowa, to look after business affairs.

Whitewater gave its first charity ball last evening at Armory Hall, and it was a big success both socially and financially. The committee consisting of Mrs. Ralph Tract, Mrs. H. M. Tripp, Kenneth Peterson, Harry Leffingwell, Frank Callahan and E. G. Lange, have worked faithfully the past week with the result that about \$150 will be turned over to a committee composed of Dr. A. Midgley and R. K. Coe to be used for the relief of the needy families in Whitewater.

In the Churches

Cardiff Methodist Church.

Carliff Methodist church.—Rev. T. D. Phillips, minister. Miss Lillian E. Pratt, organist.

9:45.—Class meeting S. Richards, leader.

10:30.—Baptism: new members received; communion.

7:30.—Sermon by pastor: "What Are the Religious Prospects of the New Members Received into the Church?" Music by young people's choir.

Sunday school.—11:45. T. E. Benison, superintendent.

Junior League.—3 p. m.

Epworth League.—6:30. Misses Richards and Bancroft, leaders.

Prayer meeting Thursday.—7:30.

Congregational Church.

Morning service as usual. No evening service. At the morning service Dr. H. W. Carter of Madison, will speak.

At 10 o'clock in the afternoon the usual memorial communion service will be held, at which memorial sketches of members of the church and congregation, who have died during the year, will be presented. This service will be conducted by Dr. Carter and Dr. Kidder.

Sunday school will be held at noon, as usual.

A four mid-week meeting on Thursday evening will give way to the Home Gatherings. Social hour, 5:30; dinner, 6:15.

First Presbyterian Church.

First Presbyterian church.—Corner North Jackson and Wall streets. Rev. George Edwin Parise, pastor.

9:45.—Sunday Bible school. A class for every age group.

11:00.—Morning hour of worship. Sermon on the theme: "The Greatest Work in the World."

Subject of young people's society of Christian Endeavor: Topic: "Ways That Count."

7:30.—Evening hour of praise. Dr. W. B. Hunt of Chai Ryung, Korea, will deliver the address.

Monday evening joint meeting of board of trustees and session at the home of S. Soverhill.

Thursday.—7:30 p. m. Mid-week hour of prayer and fellowship.

Friday.—2:00 p. m. Ladies Aid at church rooms.

First Baptist Church.

First Baptist church.—Located on the corner of Jackson and Pleasant streets. Rev. Joseph Chalmers Hazen, pastor.

Sunday morning worship.—10:30. Sermon subject: "A Faithful Saying."

Sunday school.—12 noon. John C. Hanchett, superintendent. Music by the school orchestra, conducted by Mrs. John C. Nichols.

Young people's society, 6 o'clock. One of a series of popular evening services for young people. Music by the orchestra and quartet. Roy Miller will lead the singing service. Subject: "Elements of Success as Applied to the Lives of Young People." The service closes in one hour.

Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

United Brethren Church.

Richard's Memorial United Brethren church.—Corner Prospect and Milton avenues. James A. Robinson, pastor.

Bible school at 10:00. H. D. Claxton, superintendent.

Sermon subject: "The Young Man's Peril." Subject: "A Young Man's Peril."

Gleaner's Band at 3:00. Mrs. Perry, leader.

Christian Endeavor at 6:30. Floyd Rogers, leader.

Christian Endeavor anniversary service at 7:30. Address: "Endeavor Ideals."

Mid-week prayer service Thursday evening at 7:30. A cordial welcome to all services.

Christian Church.

Christian church.—Milwaukee and Academy streets. Clark Walker, Cummins, minister, 337 North Terrace street.

Bible school Sunday.—10:00 a. m. Communion and sermon.—11:00 a. m.

Evening worship.—7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting, Thursday.—7:30 p. m.

The Loyal Men's Class is a humorous Come and meet a bunch of roval men.

Mrs. Drake will lead the prayer meeting next week.

The official board will meet at the

minister's home Tuesday evening.

Christ Episcopal Church.

Christ Episcopal church.—The Rev. John M. McKinley, M. A., rector. Sexagesima Sunday.

Holy communion.—8:00 a. m. 10:30 a. m.

Evening prayer and Catechism instruction.—4:30 p. m.

Monday.—St. Agnes' guild will meet with Miss Shumway at 2 p. m.

Tuesday.—Christ church guild will meet in the parish house at 2 p. m.

Associated Bible Students.

Associated Bible students meet in Caledonia rooms Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Everybody welcome. No collection.

St. Peter's English Lutheran.

St. Peter's English Lutheran church.—Corner South Jackson and Center streets. Rev. E. O. Hoffmeister, M. A., minister.

Sunday school.—9:45 a. m. Chief service.—11:00 a. m. All are welcome.

Trinity Episcopal Church.

Trinity Episcopal church.—Rev. Henry Wilhelm, rector.

Sexagesima Sunday.

Holy communion.—7:30 a. m. 10:30 a. m.

Sunday school.—9:30 a. m. Holy communion and sermon.—10:30 a. m.

Evansville.—4:30 p. m.

Monday.—Meeting St. Agnes' guild at rectory at 2:30 p. m.

Thursday.—Holy communion.—9:00 a. m.

Friday.—Evansville.—7:30 p. m.

Norwegian Lutheran Church.

Norwegian Lutheran church.—Corner West Bluff and Madison streets. Service in English.—10:30 a. m. Service in Norwegian.—7:30 p. m. Sunday school.—9:30 a. m. Bible class.—6:30 p. m. Confirmation class Saturdays at 2:00 p. m.

Junior choir rehearsals Saturday at 4:00 p. m.

Come and worship with us. T. C. Thorson, pastor.

Christian Science Church.

Church of Christ, Scientist. Church edifice, corner Pleasant and South High streets.

Sunday.—10:30 a. m. Sunday school.—12 m. Wednesday.—7:45 p. m. Subject of last sermon Sunday: "Spirit." Reading room, rear of church, open daily, except Sundays and holidays, from 2 to 6:30 p. m.

St. Patrick's Church.

St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church.—Corner Cherry and Holmes streets. Dean E. E. Reilly, pastor. Residence, 315 Cherry street.

First mass, 7:30 a. m.; second mass, 9:00 a. m.; last mass, 10:30 a. m.; vespers, 7:30 p. m.

St. Mary's Church.

St. Mary's Roman Catholic church.—First mass, 8:30 a. m.; second mass, 10:30 a. m.; vespers, 7:30 p. m. Rev. Wm. Goebel, pastor.

Edgerton News

Edgerton, Feb. 6.—The Boys' Literary Society of the High School held a banquet in the High School 27th last evening. After the banquet, which was served by the Domestic Science department, a program was given. Francis Curran gave the opening toast of the evening on the behalf of the Society. Fred Kellogg gave a toast to the ladies which was returned by Miss Bernice Girard. The toast to the faculty was given by Charles Sweeney, which was returned by G. W. Gifford. A violin solo was given by Miss Thelma Burdick. Miss Maxine Burdick played the piano accompaniment. A reading was given by Miss Schumaker and Glenn Gardner gave a talk on the benefits derived from a literary society. The remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

Miss Lucile Cullen is visiting with friends in Milwaukee.

A. J. Grubb was a business caller in Madison yesterday.

Frank Pringle is in Madison on business today.

Miss Helder is spending the week end at her home in West Bend.

F. F. Burg was in Madison on business yesterday.

Frank Brown is in Madison on business today.

Leoman Wood and wife are visiting with friends in Wauwatosa.

J. Brooks of Chicago was a business caller in Edgerton yesterday.

B. E. Billings of Madison was in Edgerton on business yesterday.

Those registering at the Carlton Friday were: M. A. Corner, J. Brooks, Chicago; C. L. Parlie, J. C. Greas, E. B. Billings, Madison; C. E. Invert, J. D. Roesser, Milwaukee; Harry Saunders, Kansas City, Mo.; C. A. French, Rochester; J. T. Kelley, Rockford.

Divine worship Sunday morning at 10:30. Sacramental service. Violin offertory by Miss Kathleen Cullen. Sunday School at 11:45. Evening service at 7:30. Anna Lincoln birthday service. Rev. Gregory will preach on "The Life and Work of Abraham Lincoln."

Methodist Church.

Next Sunday morning, Dr. Satterfield corresponding secretary of the Wesley Memorial Hospital of Chicago will occupy the pulpit. Sunday School and bible class at 12:00. A 7:00 p. m. will give a story and song service entitled "The Saving of Dadday." Epworth league at 6:15.

Theo. Clarke transacted business in Jenesville today.

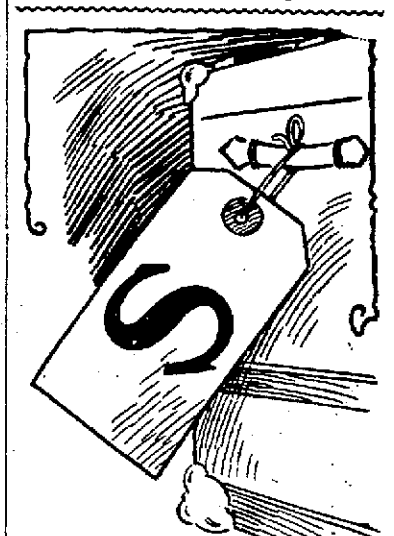
Dante and Shakespeare.

Both Dante and Shakespeare belong to the world's literary "Big Four," the other two being Cervantes and Homer. The works of Dante and those of Shakespeare represent the very top notch of human poetic genius and it would be difficult to say which is the greater.

SEATTLE WOMAN IN PALM BEACH SAND



Driven south by wintry winds, Mrs. David Whitcomb, a Seattle (Wash.) social leader, is finding joy in the warm sunshine and balmy breezes of Palm Beach.



When You Make Up Your Mind To Save

make the bank part of your plan.

This strong institution, during the past 45 years, has helped a great many persons to financial independence.

LET US HELP YOU.

THE BANK OF EVANSVILLE

Founded 1870.

GEO. L. PULLEN, President.

Go to church! Go to church Sunday. As one of the churches in the community we invite you to attend our services. Forget anything this week but do not forget to attend the church of your choice next Sunday. Try our welcome! Morning worship, 10:30. Sermon subject, "The Prophet." Evening worship, 7:00. Sermon subject, "Leadership." Sunday school, 11:45. Services at Union at 2:30.

Christian Science.

Service is held every Sunday morning at 10:45 in Fisher's Hall. Wednesday evening at 7:30 at the same place. The public is cordially invited to these meetings.

Congregational Church.

Go to church Sunday in Evansville! You will be welcome at this church. Morning services at 10:30. Sunday school at 11:45. In the evening at 7 o'clock the speaker will be Stewart Scrimshaw of England. He will, of course, speak of Great Britain in the great War.

John's Episcopal Church.

Services on Sunday, February 7. Quinquagesima Sunday. Morning prayer and sermon at 10:30. Sunday school at 12. Evensong with sermon at 7. St. John's supplies choir will sing. You will be most cordially welcome here on "Go-to-Church" Sunday, as well as every Sunday in the year. The Methodist Episcopal Church. Join us in a "Go-to-Church" campaign beginning now. A family church.



You can own your own home easily by reading and acting on the offers contained in Gazette Want Ads. Do it now.

LA-NO CHILD

CAN I GO OUT MA?

What animal?

Know His Business.

"George," she asked, as they rounded the bend, "is your watch correct?"

"Yes," replied George, with a merry laugh. "It is keeping better time since I put your picture inside the case." "Oh, you flatterer! How could that be?"

"Well, you see, when I placed your picture inside the case I added another jewel!"

Now is a good time to sell that stove you have no use for.

A TEST FOR LIVER COMPLAINT

Mentally Unhappy.—Physically Dull

The Liver, sluggish and inactive, first shows itself in a mental state—unhappy and critical. Never is there joy in living, as when the Stomach and Liver are doing their work. Keep your Liver active and healthy by using Dr. King's New Life Pills; they empty the Bowels freely, tone up your Stomach, cure your Constipation and purify the Blood. 25c at Druggist. Bucklen's Arnica Salve excellent for Piles.



SIDE LIGHTS on THE CIRCUS BUSINESS

By D. W. WATT

There was one thing in show business in my time that always interested me, and that was the customs and habits of the people in the different towns.

There were many towns that when the parade was going through the principal streets in the morning, the streets would be crowded everywhere, prospects for a big business, never looked better, and after the parade was over, there would be thousands of people starting for their homes, and never near the show in the afternoon or evening. Just when we would think our prospects for a turn-away business was the best, many times we would show to a light house.

In 70 with the Burr Robbins show, when we were traveling overland by wagons, and in the fall of the year when we had headed toward home, we were billed to show in Blue Island, Ill., at that time a suburb of Chicago, about 15 miles away. This was largely a German town, and we arrived there early Sunday morning. As it was a suburb of Chicago, we put in most of the day Sunday putting things in the best kind of order for Monday's parade, so that we might give them as fine a display as possible.

The people were stopping at two German hotels there, the kind where everything was put on the table and you help yourself, and that was the kind that suited a hungry lot of people traveling with the wagon show. I still remember those two hotels as being among the best that we had during the entire season.

I lead the parade that morning through all the principal streets and even at that time Blue Island was quite a town and I don't think on the entire trip of the parade that there was more than 150 people on the streets to see it. I know when I returned to the show grounds at eleven o'clock I told Mr. Robbins that I thought the town was well named Blue Island, and I thought we would certainly be blue enough ourselves before the day was over. At one o'clock when the doors opened there was not more than a dozen people on the grounds, and at 1:30, the arena was so quiet that I could hear the front door, and it was hard to take care of them. And when the show opened at two o'clock, every seat under the canvas was taken, and hundreds of people sitting on the grass.

But this only went to show the thrift of the people, for everybody had worked up until the noon hour, and then made haste to get ready for the show. I don't think many times whether the crowds on the street in the morning were large or small, it was more or less of a guess. The business was, we might do. The night house at Blue Island was a real pet of the afternoon, and that day was numbered among the best of the entire season.

When business when everyone around the show is paid off every week and when the show opens in the spring, it is two weeks before they have a pay-day, for all during the season there is one week held back.

My first year with the Forepaugh show, my first pay-day was on Saturday in Philadelphia, and as everyone around the show were strangers to me, it was some work to get their names and numbers, and pay them a week's salary. I had paid off all the drivers and canvassers, and razor-bucks, who were the men that loaded and unloaded the train, and was along toward evening when a big bony Swede came to the ticket wagon with a smile on his face, that is as much of his face as you could see, for I think that he was the dirtiest man I ever looked at.

"Well," he said, "I suppose you are the new pay boss."

"Well, I am," I said, he said, "Well, I am the shandalar, I said, and when I asked him his name, he told me, and it was one of those long crooked Swedish names with several branches in it, and when I smiled and told him that was certainly some name, he said, "Oh, you don't have to put that on a pay roll. Ben, you know, (meaning the man whose place he took) always had me on the pay roll as Dick."

"Well," I said, "I certainly look the part." As all his work was in oil and dirt and his clothes were black and his face black and cilly, and his hair black, that did not matter, though it had been washed since he had had it. But for all that, he was a high class man, always had his light-colored trousers and burning, and when Adam Forepaugh died, he was numbered among the faithful old timers who lost his happy home, and like many other drifted away and but few knew where.

Of all the year in show business, February and the early part of March at the winter quarters of the big shows, is the time of the year that shows that open in the largest cities in the steam heated buildings usually open along toward the last of March, and it is for this time of the year that they are hustling at the winter quarters to get everything in readiness.

But that the Ringling Brothers who own the two greatest shows in the world have just the worrying part of the business can easily be seen, for the five brothers, with their families, are all down in Florida, away from the hustle and bustle of the winter quarters of their two great shows, but they have competent managers in every department looking after their part of the business, and it is safe to say that while they are many miles away, they are in close enough touch to know all about what is going on.

On the 18th of January, at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ringling at Shell Beach, Florida, they held a reception and dinner at which all the Ringling brothers and their families were represented. Mr. and Mrs. A. Ringling, Mr. and Mrs. John Ringling, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred C. Ringling, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ringling and their families were all there, which possibly might be the last time that all the families would be together, and it is not expected that any of them will be back until about March the first.

Rhoda Royal and wife, accompanied by John Adee, arrived from Chicago recently, to participate in the Denver Horse show, under the management of John Arthur. The show, which is being sent with Rhoda's high school horses and Col. Cody who stopped off in Denver last week, enroute to New York and was prevailed upon by the Horse Show management to salute the crowds from the saddle of his famous horse, Isham.

The management of the Hippodrome in New York, has decided to eliminate all performing wild animal acts from the circus. This action has been taken through regard for public safety. Two "steel arena" acts—



Scene from the Greek Open Air Theater of the Leland Stanford University at Berkeley, California, showing De Wolf Hopper and the Gilbert & Sullivan Opera Company, who are the only company outside of the students that have ever been allowed to use this beautiful open air stadium.

three tigers, seven lions, four leopards and two pumas—from the Hagenbeck-Wallace Shows, were removed from the house Friday and sent back to Carthage, Ohio, because a tiger escaped last Monday and killed a splendid horse, a lion leaped over the arena walls at a rehearsal Wednesday night and a tiger knocked down and nearly killed his trainer, Emil Schweyer, during a rehearsal on Friday.

C. B. Cory, manager of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Shows, purchased from John Ringling at Bridgeport, Conn., Monday, January 26, six Puma and two tigers.

This gives Hagenbeck-Wallace performers a solid vestibular train of all Puma. It will be as classy a train as there is in America. There are lots of money going to this show—these days. And there are some surprises in store for the select when it takes the road. Charles Christie, 72, retired clown of the George Fox and Royal show days, has donated \$1,000 to the Actor's Fund Benefit. In turn he will occupy a box at the benefit performance next Friday evening.

HOBO KING APPEARS ON NEW YORK STAGE

Jeff Davis, Owner of New York's "Hotel de Gink" Appears on the "Vooderville" Stage. (By Beau Rialto.)

New York, Feb. 6.—It's a long way from Harlem to the Hotel de Gink, but the hobo hotel and the abode of the flaneur were linked in the dramatic developments surrounding the Gothamites this week. Jeff Davis, premier hobo, proprietor of the Gink, appeared in a vaudeville sketch at Hammerstein's opening, his engagement on the same night, their grand opera had its first season in popular prices at Gotham theatre, in Harlem.

Producers say the grand opera will pay, and Hammerstein's management, thanks to the publicity that Jeff Davis' hotel has rolled up, is hoping to make a mint out of his sketch, in which the hobo king says, incidentally that Columbus was a hobo.

Anna Held is patching pants for patriots in France and Maxine Elliott is outfitting a provision barge for destitute inhabitants of Flanders, but Anna Parlow, pet of the season, is back in New York again, her fairy tales having kicked again at the Century Opera house early this week. She's here for a four weeks' engagement.

Emmett Corrigan's plays seem to run to colors. As star in "The Yellow Ticket" he delighted Broadway some moons ago and next week, he's coming back in vaudeville act at Keith's palace which he has christened "The Red Hat."

These cold nights bring for to the Knickerbocker Theatre management, for their play is "Ninety in the Shade," an antipodal musical comedy, in which there is flirting and love making and warm, dulcet music.

Various has been the comment on recent new plays. Miss Ethel Barrymore has a most exasperating canal of tears, in "The Shadow." "Nazimova" in "War Brides" at the Palace has splendid opportunities for her play is "Ninety in the Shade," an antipodal musical comedy, in which there is flirting and love making and warm, dulcet music.

University Wants to Censor Films. It is reported that a bill is to be introduced in the State Legislature of Wisconsin, says the Photoplay Magazine, which will give to the University of Wisconsin the censorship of motion pictures, the work to be handled by the extension division of the University. The extension division is using a great many motion pictures in its work and is probably one of the greatest promoters of the use of films for educational purposes in the Middle West.

A number of root country places are advertised for rent in this issue of the Gazette. Turn to the Want Ad page now.

AMUSEMENTS

AT THE APOLLO. "Girl of the Rancho" Monday. Jesse L. Lasky, the prominent producer, announces for Monday the most brilliant of all American period plays, "The Rose of the Rancho," by David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully, with an all-star cast headed by Bessie Barriscale, a prominent Belasco star.

In "The Rose of the Rancho," motion picture authorities see a new vogue in screen art, in that, after reviewing the picture at a private performance, the unanimous opinion was that this picture exceeded any and all American productions in point of productive thoroughness and artistic novelties.

The Lasky Company staged "The Rose of the Rancho" at Monterey, San Jose and Hollywood, Calif., in the exact locale of the piece.

these productions have been chosen entirely upon their personal appearance. The result has been that the music has been inadequately sung or more properly, screeched, by a company of ill voiced and ready throat young women.

There is said to be one exception to this general rule, however, and that is the chorus chosen for the Gilbert and Sullivan Opera company headed by De Wolf Hopper which comes to Myers Theatre on Monday and Tuesday, February 8th and 9th—for three in all the world that must be properly sung to extract its full value it is the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan and if there are any lines and lyrics every word of which must be projected with clarity of utterance these lines and

THRILLING SCENE IN "THE MASTER KEY"

Dare-Devil Work in Photography of New Serial Elicits Applause.

The big scene in the second episode of "The Master Key," shown last evening at Myers Theatre, showed a runaway ore car in the big mine carrying the fair heroine, who is rescued just in time to prevent disaster. In addition to the thrilling scene there were numerous bits of beautiful photographic work. The more rapid unfolding of the story will come in the later episodes, and they promise to give the movie fans every thrill possible in motion pictures.

The Chicago Herald movies were also shown last evening. These pictures are very popular, showing as they do late interesting events in and near Chicago.



DECLINED.

Star Boarder—Will you be my wife? Landlady's Daughter—No! You've boarded here four years, never grumbled at the food, always pay promptly, and you are too good a boarder to be put on the free list.

If you have anything to sell use the want ads

You kin git a fair idea of how long some fellers have been in society by their dress suits. Who remembers when we used to go all winter without lettuce an' sody

APOLLO TONIGHT & SUNDAY

FOUR UNUSUAL VAUDEVILLE ATTRACTIONS

PRINCE LEO EDUCATED HORSE

AN EQUINE THAT DOES EVERYTHING BUT TALK.

ROSS BROS THE YOUNG WHITE HOPES

WORLD'S GREATEST JUVENILE BOXING CHAMPIONS APPEARING HERE FOR SECOND TIME.

SUMMERS & GONZALES

WHIRLWIND SOCIETY DANCING. BEST DANCING TEAM EVER SEEN HERE IN VAUDEVILLE.

PERO & WILSON

COMEDY NOVELTY ACT. SINGING, JUGGLING AND BARREL JUMPING.

FEATURE PHOTOPLAY FOR SUNDAY ONLY

JANE GAIL AND GEORGE BELLAMY IN ENGLAND EXPECTS

A LONDON FILM COMPANY'S TIMELY FEATURE ON ENGLAND'S PRESENT WAR CRISIS.

MATINEE 10c TWO SHOWS AT NIGHT 10c, 20c

Princess

TWO FEATURES TODAY. ADMISSION 10c.

Call of the Heart

IN TWO PARTS

The Breakup

IN TWO PARTS

SPECIAL SUNDAY 10c; Children, 5c.

The Great Secret

IN THREE REELS

Mary Pickford in The White Rose

Four Reel Feature Monday. 10c; Children, 5c.

THE CRIMINAL CODE

A production replete with elemental heart throbs. An intensely interesting drama with a big punch at the finish.

MYERS THEATRE

Seats Are Now Selling Rapidly

The regular seat sale is now in progress for the greatest musical event in America and the desirable seats are being rapidly sold.

De Wolf Hopper

AND THE

Gilbert and Sullivan Opera Company

who will appear here Monday and Tuesday evenings, February 8th and 9th, and Tuesday matinee, February 9th.

Evening prices: Main floor, \$2.00; first 4 rows balcony, \$1.50; balance balcony, \$1.00; gallery, 50c. Matinee prices: Main floor, \$1.50; first 4 rows balcony, \$1.00; balance balcony, 75c; gallery, 50c. Mail orders now filled if accompanied by check or money order.

AT THE APOLLO.

"The Bargain" on Wednesday.

In "The Bargain" Mr. Ince and Mr. Clifford have produced a wonderfully strong western play. It contains a typical western story, full of fast, thrilling action some of which is most sensational. One scene in particular warrants special mention. William S. Hart, who plays the leading part, and his horse, roll over and over down a steep embankment.

"Photographically the picture is excellent. Some remarkably extensive scenes have been obtained, and the film is clear in all parts. As the picture was taken in the Grand Canyon of Arizona, scenes have been obtained which are not at all familiar, which give the picture an air of decided freshness.

The experiences and hair-breadth escapes of Stokes, the Two-Gun Man, consume the major portion of the picture. Once he poses as an honest man and wins the heart of the daughter of a miner. Then he has to flee for his life. Finally he is caught on the Mexican border, just as he is about to reform, and send the money he robbed the mail of back to the government.

The sheriff locks him in a room, then repairs to the gambling hall, where he proves to be not such a competent sheriff after all, by losing all the money. He bargains with his prisoner that if he will get the money back for him he will give him his freedom. This the bandit does in a very clever manner. He returns for his bride, explains matters and the two set off for Mexico to live straight.—Motion Picture News. "The Bargain" will be seen here on Wednesday.

AT MYERS THEATRE.

Most of the so-called "singing choruses" heard in musical productions in this country in recent years have been woefully lacking in charm of voice however satisfying the charm of form and face may have been. Most of the girls selected for